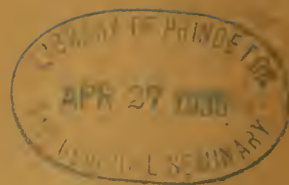


Second Edition.



Hymns and Carols

FOR

Easter Day.

SET TO MUSIC

by

Norsey W. Hyde.

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HYMNS.

1. "THE LORD HAS RISEN."
2. "HOW CALM AND BEAUTIFUL THE MORN."
3. ALLELUIA !
4. "BRIGHT SHINES THE GOLDEN SUN."
5. "CHRIST HATH ARISEN."
6. "DAWN GOLDEN MORNING."
7. "WIDE YE HEAVENLY GATES UNFOLD."
8. "O SONS AND DAUGHTERS."
9. "HE IS RISEN! HE IS RISEN!"
10. "WELCOME, HAPPY MORNING."

The Lord has Risen.

Abraham Coles, M.D., L.L.D. 1885.

$\text{♩} = 88.$

I.

1. The Lord has ris - en as he said,

U - nite your joy all who have breath;

He lives a gain who once was dead,

The might - y con - quer - or of death.

2.

He lives! He triumphed in the strife!

“I am,” O hear the victor tell,

“The Resurrection and the Life.

I bear the keys of death and hell!”

3.

The sepulchre no more is dumb,

Within the tomb is heard a voice,

Tis He who speaks: “I come, I come,

Rejoice, O earth! Rejoice, Rejoice!”

4.

Strong is his arm and swift to save,

He tunes exultant lips to sing

“Where is thy victory, O Grave?

And where, O Death, thy boasted sting?

How Calm and Beautiful the Morn.

Thomas Hastings. 1831.

♩ = 72.

II. 1. How calm and beauti - ful the morn, That gilds the sacred tomb.

Where Christ the cru-ci-fied was borne, And veild in midnight gloom!

Oh, weep no more the Savior slain, The Lord is ris'n, He lives a - gain!

2.

Ye mourning saints, dry every tear
For your departed Lord;
Behold the place, He is not here,
The tomb is all unbarred:
The gates of death were closed in vain,
The Lord is risen — He lives again!

3.

Now, cheerful, to the house of prayer,
Your early footsteps bend;
The Savior will himself be there.
Your Advocate and Friend.
Once, by the law, your hopes were slain.
But now in Christ ye live again.

4.

How tranquil now the rising day!
'Tis Jesus still appears,
A risen Lord, to chase away
Your unbelieving fears.
O weep no more your comforts slain,
The Lord is risen — He lives again!

5.

And when the shades of evening fall,
When life's last hour draws nigh;
If Jesus shines upon the soul,
How blissful then to die!
Since He has risen, that once was slain,
Ye die in Christ, to live again.

Antonia.

Rt. Rev. Christopher Wordsworth, D. D. 1865.

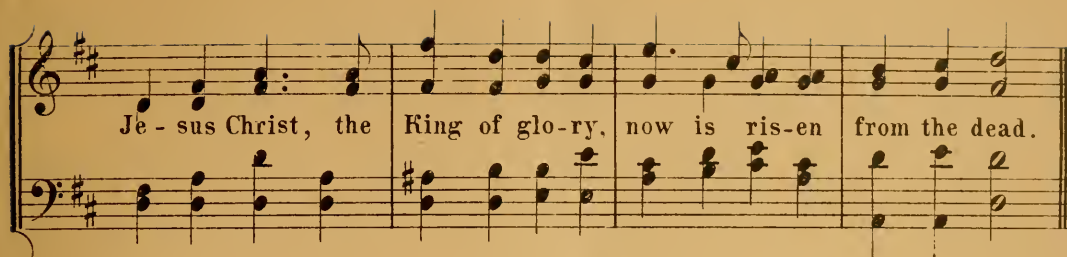
$\text{♩} = 80.$

III.

1. Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! Hearts to Heav'n and voic-es raise;

Sing to God a hymn of glad-ness, Sing to God a hymn of praise.

He, who on the Cross a Vic-tim For the World's Sal-va-tion bled.



2.

Now the iron bars are broken, Christ from death to life is born,
 Glorious life, and life immortal, on the Holy Easter Morn:
 Christ has triumphed, and we conquer by His mighty enterprise,
 We with Him to Life Eternal, by His Resurrection rise.

3.

Christ is risen, Christ the First fruits of the holy harvest field,
 Which will all its full abundance at His Second Coming yield:
 The golden ears of Harvest will their heads before him wave,
 Ripened by His glorious sunshine from the furrows of the grave.

4.

Christ is risen; we are risen! Shed upon us Heavenly grace,
 Rain and dew and gleams of glory from the brightness of Thy Face:
 That we with our hearts in heaven, here on earth may fruitful be,
 And by Angel hands be gathered, and be ever, Lord, with thee.

5.

Alleluia! Alleluia! Glory be to God on high!
 Alleluia to the Saviour, Who has gained the victory!
 Alleluia to the Spirit, Fount of love and sanctity!
 Alleluia! Alleluia to the Triune Majesty!

Bright Shines the Golden Sun.

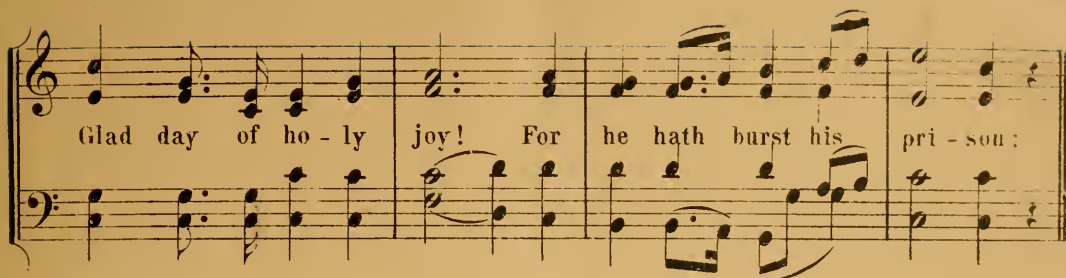
Rev. Alfred Taylor. 1870.

♩ = 88.

IV. 1. Bright shines the gold-en sun! Bright breaks the glorious morning.

Je-sus, the Lord, hath vict'ry won, The pow'rs of dark-ness scorn-ing.

O day of holy exult-ation, For Christ hath pur-chased our sal-va-tion.



2.

Loud be the song we raise!

In love he died to save us;

Full be the note of grateful praise,

Eternal life he gave us.

O Jesus mighty to deliver,

In Thee thy children live forever.

Praise to the Lord of love!

Ring out the wondrous story!

Praise for he reigneth now above;

O, praise the Ring of Glory!

3.

Joy! for the Savior lives!

The power of death is broken:

Joy! for the life his vict'ry gives,

The peace his word hath spoken.

O Jesus over death victorious!

O Victor, reigning ever glorious!

Joy! for with him we reign,

His love shall fail us never.

Joy! for in him our crown we gain.

The crown we wear forever!

Christ hath Arisen.

Rev. Philip Doddridge, D.D. 1751.

♩ = 108.

V.

1. "The Lord is ris'n in - deed!" Now is his work per - formed,

Now is the mighty Cap-tive freed, And death, our foe, dis - armed.

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Praise Him, praise Him, ev - er - more!

2.

"The Lord is risen indeed:"

The grave has lost his prey;

With him is risen the ransomed seed

To reign in endless day.

Alleluia! etc.

4.

"The Lord is risen indeed:"

Attending angels hear;

Up to the courts of heaven, with speed,

The joyful tidings bear.

Alleluia! etc.

3.

"The Lord is risen indeed:

He lives to die no more;

He lives the sinner's cause to plead,

Whose curse and shame he bore.

Alleluia! etc.

5.

Then take your golden lyres,

And strike each cheerful chord;

Join all the bright celestial choirs,

To sing our risen Lord!

Alleluia! etc.

Dawn Golden Morning.

Rev. E. H. Washburn. 1863.

$\text{♩} = 50.$

VI.

1. Christ hath a- risen! Death is no more! Lo! the white- robd ones Sit by the door.

Dawn golden morning! Scatter the night: Hast eye dis- ciples glad, First with the light.

Christ hath a- risen! Death is no more! Lo! the white- robd ones Sit by the door.

2.

Break forth in singing,
 O world new born!
 Sing the great Eastertide,
 Christ's holy morn.
 Chant Him, young sunbeams,
 Dancing in mirth!
 Chant all ye winds of God,
 Coursing the earth!
 Christ hath arisen, etc.

3.

Sing him ye flowers,
 Fresh from the sod:
 Sing Him wild leaping streams,
 Praising your God!
 Break from thy winter
 Sad heart, and sing!
 Bud with thy blossoms fair;
 Christ is thy Spring.
 Christ hath arisen, etc.

4.

Come where the Lord was,
 Past is the gloom:
 See the full eye of day
 Smiles through the tomb.
 Hark! Angel voices
 Fall from the skies,
 Christ hath arisen!
 Glad heart arise!
 Christ hath arisen, etc.

Wide ye Heavenly Gates Unfold.

"The Lord of Hosts he is the King of Glory!"

Psalm xxiv. 10.

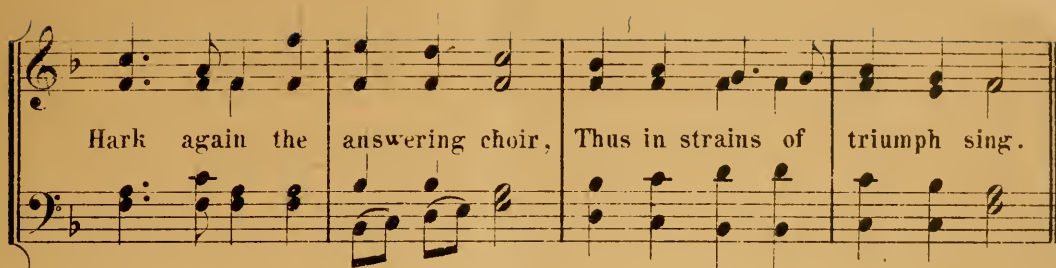
$\text{♩} = 52.$

VII.

1. Wide, ye heav'nly gates, un-fold, Closed no more by death and sin;

Now the conq'ring Lord be-hold, Let the King of Glo-ry in.

Hark! th'an-gel-ic hosts in-quire, "Who is he, th'Al-might-y King?"



2.

"He whose powerful arm alone,
On his foes destruction hurled;
He who hath the victory won:
He who saved a ruined world;
He who God's pure love fulfilled,
Jesus, the Incarnate Word;
He whose truth with blood was sealed
He is heaven's all-glorious Lord."

3.

"Who shall to His blest abode
Follow in the Savior's train?"
"They who in His cleansing blood,
Wash away each guilty stain:
They whose daily actions prove
Steadfast faith and holy fear,
Fervent zeal and grateful love —
They shall dwell forever here."

© Sons and Daughters.

Tr. Rev. John M. Neale. D. D. 1859.

VIII. $\text{♩} = 63.$

1. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!

O sons and daughters let us sing, The King of Heav'n the glorious King

Last time.

O'er death to-day rose triumph - ing. Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.

2.

Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

That Sunday morn. at break of day,
The faithful women went their way
To seek the tomb where Jesus lay.

Alleluia!

3.

Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

An angel robed in white they see,
Who forthwith spoke unto the three,
“Your Lord doth go to Galilee!”

Alleluia!

4.

Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

That night the Apostles met in fear;
Amid them stood their Lord most dear,
And said, “My peace be on all here!”

Alleluia!

5.

Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

When Thomas first the tidings heard,
He doubted if it were the Lord,
Until he came and spake this word

Alleluia!

6.

Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

My hands, my feet I show to thee,
My side—stretch forth, thy hand and see,
Nor faithless—but believing be.

Alleluia!

7.

Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

No longer Thomas then denied;
He saw the feet, the hands, the side
“Thou art my Lord and God!” he cried.

Alleluia! Amen.

He is Risen! He is Risen!

IX. $\text{♩} = 92.$

1. He is ris-en! He is ris-en! Tell it with a joy-ful voice,
He has burst his three days prison, Let the whole wide earth re-joice.

This system is in 4/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It features a vocal melody in the treble clef and a piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The melody begins with a quarter rest followed by a dotted quarter note, then continues with eighth and quarter notes. The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the right hand and single notes in the left hand. The system concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

Death is conquer'd, man is free, Christ has won the vic-to-ry.

This system continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The vocal melody has a longer note value in the first measure, and the piano accompaniment features a sustained chord in the right hand. The system ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

He is ris-en! He is ris-en! Tell it with a joy-ful voice.

This system concludes the piece. It follows the same musical structure as the previous systems, with a vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The system ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

2.

Tell it to the sinners weeping
Over deeds in darkness done,
Weary fast and vigil keeping,
Brightly breaks their Easter sun;
Blood can wash all sins away,
Christ has conquered hell to-day.
He is risen, etc.

3.

Come, ye sad and fearful-hearted,
With glad smile and radiant brow:
Lent's long shadows have departed,
All his woes are over now:
And the glorious form he bore,
Mortal ills can vex no more.
He is risen, etc.

4.

Come, with high and holy gladness,
Chant our Lord's triumphant lay;
Not one touch of twilight sadness
Dims His Resurrection Day.
Brightly dawns the radiant East,
Brighter far our Easter feast.
He is risen, etc.

5.

He is risen! He is risen!
He has oped the eternal gate;
We are free from sin's dark prison,
Risen to a holier state.
Soon a brighter Easter beam
On our longing eyes shall stream.
He is risen, etc.

Welcome happy Morning.

Tr. Rev. John Ellerton. 1867.

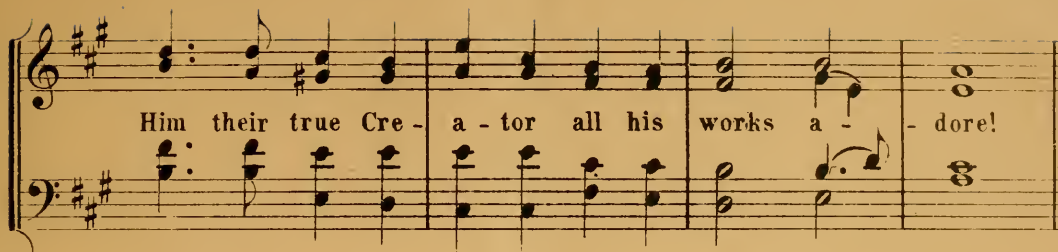
$\text{♩} = 56.$

X.

1. Wel-come hap-py morn-ing! age to age shall say;

Hell to-day is van - quished, Heaven is won to - day.

Lo! the dead is liv - ing, God for - ev - er - more!



2.

Earth her joy confesses, clothing her for Spring,
 All good gifts returned with her returning King:
 Bloom in every meadow, leaves on every bough,
 Speak His sorrows ended, hail His triumph now.

3.

Months in due succession, days of lengthening light,
 Hours and passing moments, praise Thee in their flight;
 Brightness of the morning, sky and fields and sea,
 Vanquisher of darkness, bring their praise to thee!

4.

Maker and Redeemer, Life and Health and all,
 Thou from heaven beholding human nature's fall,
 Of the Father's Godhead true and only Son,
 Manhood to deliver, manhood did'st put on.

5.

Thou of Life the Author, death did'st undergo,
 Tread the path of darkness, saving strength to show:
 Come then, True and Faithful, now fulfil Thy word;
 'Tis Thine own Third Morning, rise, my buried Lord!

6.

Loose the souls long prisoned, bound from Satan's chains;
 All that now is fallen, raise to life again;
 Show Thy face in brightness, bid the nations see,
 Bring again our daylight: day returns with Thee!

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